

The Daily Mirror

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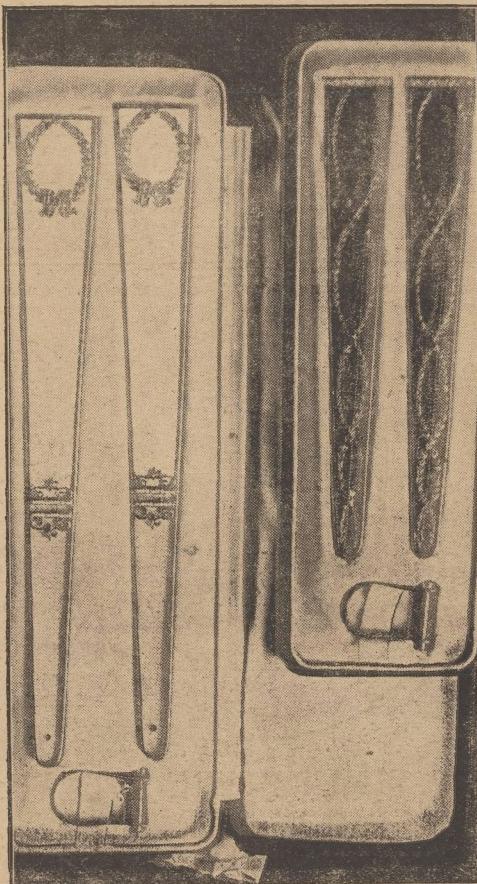
SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

ROYAL ARTISTS' BEAUTIFUL WORK IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY.

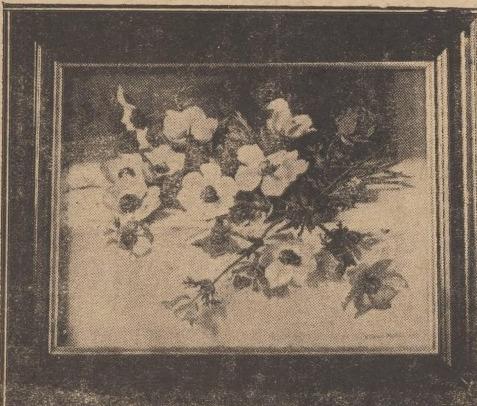


Her Serene Highness Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein, whose work is being shown at the exhibition.—(Lafayette.)

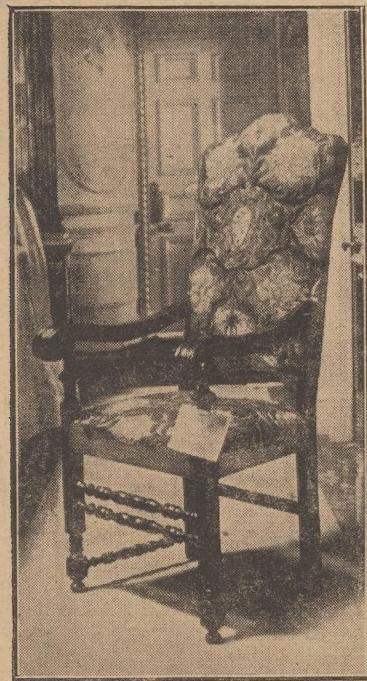


Enamelled fan sticks, decorated with gold, the work of Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein. These and the other works of art shown on this page are being exhibited by the Royal Amateur Art Society at Lord Howard de Walden's residence, Seaford House, the proceeds of the exhibition being devoted to charity.

Daily Mirror copyright.)—See page 6.



"Anémones"—one of the three beautiful flower studies exhibited by her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess Victoria Melita of Hesse.—(*Daily Mirror copyright.*)



Armchair covered with embroidery in silk and gold, the work of Viscountess Hood.—(*Daily Mirror copyright.*)



The Duchess of Somerset, who yesterday performed the opening ceremony at the Royal Amateur Art Society Exhibition, held at Seaford House, the residence of Lord Howard de Walden.



Three-fold embroidered screen, mounted on mahogany, exhibited by Lady Carew.—(*Daily Mirror copyright.*)

FIERCE FIGHT IN A BLINDING DUST-STORM.

Most Desperate Struggle of the Whole Battle.

HEAVY GUN CAPTURE.

Kuropatkin Begs St. Petersburg to Pray Fervently for Him.

NO FOOD OR SLEEP.

Will Hunger Force Russia's Flying Armies to Surrender?

TEN DAYS' FIGHTING.
Number of men engaged ... 750,000
Total losses to date 117,000

SITUATION AT PRESENT.
Russians all but surrounded.
Mukden captured by the Japanese.
Russians making for Tieling.

The fate of General Kuropatkin's huge army is still in the balance.

The Japanese have closed still further in upon him, though it is doubtful whether they have as yet completely blocked the road to the north.

Let us imagine, as we have done hitherto, that the battle is being fought in England, London taking the place of Mukden and having been attacked by the Japanese armies spread out in a long line from Canterbury to Aldershot.

According to an official telegram received at the Japanese Legation yesterday afternoon the situation is now as follows:

The Japanese army on the east of London, which had already driven the Russians northward, first out of Canterbury (Ching-ho-cheng), and then out of Gravesend (Macchuntun), has now occupied first the village of Pitsea (Tita), nearly half-way between Gravesend and Chelmsford (Fushun), and then Chelmsford itself, to which place it was thought the Russians might retreat in preference to Cambridge.

HUGE LOSSES IN UNAVAILING STRUGGLE.

The most desperate resistance was offered to their advance by General Rennenkampf, who mustered the best elements among the troops of his command and tried hard to break through the Japanese lines. He was, however, driven back with the loss of 9,000 men.

Chelmsford having been occupied, the only road now left open for the main Russian retreat is the road from London to Cambridge (Tieling), and as General Nogi is believed to be pressing hard upon this highway from the west, it is pretty certain that the Russians will have to fight hard to get away.

Seeing that the Japanese, coming from the west, occupied the capital at ten o'clock yesterday morning, after some terrific fighting in a blinding dust-storm, it seems highly probable that the Russians are already on the road to Cambridge. If, with General Nodzu's army chasing them behind, they meet General Nogi in force, barring their flight, they will be caught between two fires. Their situation will be desperate indeed.

STILL FIGHTING CLOSE TO MUKDEN.

Although London is now in the hands of the Japanese, fighting still seems to be going on quite near it on the south and east, in the neighbourhood of Bromley and Woolwich. The Russians had taken up a strong position on the left bank of the Hün River, and were being hotly attacked when the telegram to the Japanese Minister in London was sent off.

If General Kuropatkin could accomplish such a masterlyfeat as to get his army away to Tieling, and to make a stand there against his victorious foe, he could hardly take with him in the wild rush northward anything like all his military material.

It is reported already that the Japanese have made a heavy capture of Russian guns, and we know that an enormous quantity of stores was set on fire when the Russians abandoned their positions along the Sha-ho River. It is very doubtful whether there is any large accumula-

tion of stores at Tieling, so quite possibly General Kuropatkin may be compelled to surrender quite as much by the hunger of his men as by the force of arms.

A rumour current in St. Petersburg yesterday that General Nogi had been told off by Marshal Oyama to conduct negotiations with Kuropatkin created great consternation. This may be quite premature, or may have been purposely set about in order to accustom the public mind to the idea of surrender.

Very little news is being published in St. Petersburg, but it seems to be generally known that the Far Eastern army has suffered another terrible defeat; the prevailing spirit is one of depression and gloom.

GEN. KUROKI SCORES AGAIN.

Fushun Occupied, and Every Road but That to Tieling Now Completely Blocked.

TOKIO, Friday.—Fushun was occupied last night. Fighting continues on the height north of Fushun. —Reuter.

Fushun is the place to which it was thought that the Russians might retire if they could not get through to Tieling.

From there they could have crossed a range of mountains and got to Tieling by the back way.

The capture of Fushun is a most important move, for it leaves Tieling the only possible objective of the Russian retreat, and upon the road to Tieling General Nogi is supposed to be posted with a large force.

It looks as if surrender were the only course open to General Kuropatkin.

"RAT OUT OF A SACK."

JAPANESE STATESMAN'S View of Oyama's Possible Plan.

In the course of an interview yesterday Baron Suyematsu, the well-known Japanese statesman, now in Europe, said the question whether the occupation of Mukden indicated an early termination of the war was one that Russia alone could answer.

It was quite possible that General Kuropatkin might break through the cordon which was believed to encircle his troops, especially in view of the extensive area covered by the operations. But sometimes it was good strategy to allow an enemy, when surrounded, to concentrate at one particular point with a view to escaping, and to meet him as he came out like a rat out of a sack.

FINAL MUKDEN FIGHT.

Fearful Encounters in a Blinding Dust-storm That Lasted Many Hours.

The first definite news of the fall of Mukden came through yesterday about midday, when a Reuter telegram from Tokio announced that the Manchurian capital had been occupied at ten o'clock yesterday morning.

Reuter's correspondent at Mukden gives graphic details of the last stages of the unsuccessful defence.

The Japanese succeeded on Thursday in placing siege guns at the village of Diushantun, six miles west of the city, whence together with mortars they opened fire at dawn.

This village was the scene of the bloodiest and most desperate fighting of all this terrible battle.

The Japanese stormed again and again. The Russians were dislodged, but finally recaptured the village. Much of the fighting was hand-to-hand.

Eye-witnesses say that dead are scattered in the streets and in the courtyards of the houses, none having been buried for four days.

Rifles and other arms lie about wracked and twisted. Hand grenades were thrown by the Japanese. The garrison was subjected to the concentrated fire of many hundred guns.

As soon as Diushantun was in their hands the Japanese were able to train their guns on Mukden Railway Station.

PITIFUL HOSPITAL SCENES.

At the station there was a terrible scene. The press of Russian troops was awful. The rude platform was a dense mass of struggling men. All around the station the ground was literally covered with soldiers and stores and guns.

The last day's fighting at this point took place in a blinding dust-storm. It was impossible to direct the operations with any certainty. Hidden by the grey clouds of whirling grit, the most gruesome encounters were going on.

A band of Japanese fell suddenly upon a trench full of Russians and fell upon them with their

bayonets. The Russians were taken completely by surprise. They were weakened by want of sleep and food. Not a man escaped.

The Mukden hospitals are all crowded with wounded men. The doctors are working with devotion, and every case is attended to with the least possible delay. All the same the scene cannot help being one of indescribable pathos and horror.

Only the sunlight and the mildness of the weather prevent indescribable suffering among the wounded, and the supports and reserves.

The latter are obliged to dig deep and wide shelters in the coverless plain and lie flat down to escape the sharpshooter which is being sown broadcast for fifteen miles. All the troops, along nearly ninety miles of battle-line, have been constantly exposed to shell fire.

CITY OF ANXIOUS FOREBODING.

The correspondent of the St. Petersburg "Russ" sent a vivid and picturesque sketch of the besieged town.

"Mukden sleeps but restlessly, lanterns flicker dimly in the principal streets. Troops are moving hurriedly in the dark roads amid the clouds of dust."

"The night is full of low murmurs. All is animation. The hospitals are filled to overflowing, and moans are heard everywhere. The wounded are being constantly moved, for space must be made for the new's offering their country. What will God grant us after this?"

The same correspondent says the grey-coated Russian soldiers have accomplished miracles. The enemy also seem made of steel. They were tired out after two days without food, but Marshal Oyama encouraged his men by telling them that the end of the slaughter would soon arrive.

STARVING RUSSIANS.

Sixty Men Blown Out of Existence by One Japanese Bomb.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Parisien" says that, according to a telegram received in the Russian capital from Harbin, most of the Russian troops have had no food for forty-four hours, and are fighting with a sort of mournful resignation.

The telegram describes a daring exploit by a Japanese officer. He climbed up to the Russian position, carrying on his back a haversack filled with dynamite cartridges.

Leaping into a trench he lighted the fuse of a bomb, which he threw into the middle of a company of Russians; sixty mutilated bodies were all that remained of the company after the explosion.

JAPANESE HARD TO CORNER.

In the course of a fight near Mukden several scores of the Japanese hid themselves in native huts, and, when dislodged from them, took refuge in a Chinese temple. They refused to surrender and opened fire upon the Russian troops.

The Russians dragged up some guns by hand, and the walls were soon battered down. The Japanese remaining, however, still kept up a valorous resistance, and the Russians decided to blow up the building.

The Japanese perceived the intention, and anticipated the Russians by themselves blowing up the ruins and making a dash to escape.

One of the Japanese soldiers would undoubtedly have been captured had he not thrown himself down a narrow Chinese well to escape his pursuers.

GREAT CAPTURE OF GUNS.

TOKIO, Friday.—The Japanese have captured a great number of Russian guns, including practically all the heavy ordnance.—Reuter.

NEW RUSSIAN LOAN.

PARIS, Friday.—I hear upon good authority that the forthcoming Russian loan will amount to 600,000,000 francs (\$24,000,000), to be repayable in seven years. The date and price of the issue have not yet been fixed.—Exchange.

BALTIC FLEET'S DIRTY CONDITION.

The captain of a vessel which has been coaling Admiral Rojestvensky's ships says they are covered with seaweed. He does not think they are capable of going on.—Reuter's Durban correspondent.

WAR FLASHES.

In Pekin it is generally believed that the end of the war is not far distant.

General Kuropatkin telegraphed to St. Petersburg asking that the inhabitants of Russia's oldest city would offer up prayers for a Russian victory.

The St. Petersburg professors have decided not to resume their lectures this year in view of the disturbed condition of affairs.

The Russian Government is reported to be buying up steamships in London, Hamburg, and Havre, for what purpose is not stated.

The British steamer King Arthur, captured by the Japanese last December while attempting to leave Port Arthur, has been confiscated by order of a Prize Court for violating the blockade.

TSAR'S AWFUL

DILEMMA.

News of Defeat May Cause Wide-spread Revolution.

PEOPLE IN SUSPENSE.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Friday.—No definite news of Kuropatkin's fate has as yet been made public here, but St. Petersburg is thriving with the fear of an impending catastrophe in Manchuria and the dread of a more awful dénouement at home. On every side I hear the question, "If Kuropatkin fails, what will the Tsar do?"

People no longer refer to the position of the Ministers. All ranks at last look to the lonely man on the throne as the one responsible for the continuance of this fearful drama. His is the only hand which can ring down the curtain on these horrors.

I date this feeling from the issue of the stern Rescript on Friday last, when the Tsar, acting against the advice of his Ministers, declared for the continuance of the war, the consolidation of the Empire, and "the command of the Pacific."

TSAR HELD RESPONSIBLE.

Up to that time there were excuses to be made. He was ruled by this Minister or that. Now, only one dread counsellor remains, and he is looked upon by the Tsar, not as a human adviser, but as the medium of Heavenly command. I refer to M. Bobrionostoff.

What the Procurator of the Holy Synod has told him the Tsar firmly believes. Nicholas II. has reached a mental impasse. Divinely appointed to rule the destinies of his people, he refuses to abandon the course thrust upon him until relieved of his dread task by direct command of a higher than any earthly power.

To what can it lead? Will the Tsar recognise a great defeat as a direct injunction to abandon this frightful enterprise? Time alone can tell. On Monday next falls the anniversary of the assassination of Alexander II., and the revolutionaries are passing the word round that the date may have a fatal significance for Nicholas II.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN?

With a nation infested by the continuance of the war, with himself the only object standing between the nation and peace, who can say what may happen?"

"I am alone," Nicholas is reported to have said to his Ministers when he issued the war rescript of Friday last. If the rumours of disaster now reaching us are true, he will be alone against 150 millions.

Kuropatkin's defeat will mean universal strife and internece war in Russia. No man will go willingly to the slaughter. The peasantry, already in many places in arms, will rise and wreak their vengeance indiscriminately against their lords and masters.

No one will know or care against whom his hand is turned. Some will be bent on reform and revolution, others on mere rapine, others on the re-establishment of order.

BACK TO HEATHENISM.

Negro, After Twenty Years as Missionary, Relapses Into Ways of His Fathers.

NEW YORK, Friday.—The mission societies of the United States have been greatly disturbed by the sad relapse of a negro who has been working in the mission field for twenty-five years.

The man in question, Mr. Daniel Wilberforce, was brought from Africa to the United States when a child by some missionaries.

He was educated in America, and married here. His two sons are now at college.

The Missionary Board of the United Brethren of Christ, at Huntingdon, Indiana, the organisation with which Mr. Wilberforce was immediately connected, have received news from Africa to the effect that after twenty-five years' service as a missionary he has returned to heathenism, become the chief of his old tribe of devil-worshippers, and married a number of native women. The society announces to-day that Mr. Wilberforce is no longer a member of their staff.—Central News.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

The omnipresent Father Gapon is reported to arrive in London this morning.

The first lecture delivered in England by a Chinaman has been given at the Beckenham Public Hall by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, the reformer.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan has arrived in London from New York, having crossed the White Star liner Baltic. He was met by Sir Clinton Dawkins and other personal friends.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

Liberal Home-Rulers Indignant with
Lord Rosebery.

"THE EVIL GENIUS."

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Friday Night.—Some special tool place to-night as to why the Cabinet were called together hurriedly this afternoon at the House, and there were various rumours as to an important crisis having arisen.

I believe, however, I am right in saying that nothing of any great importance was before the Ministers, the main item being the terms under which the new Irish Chief Secretary is to take his appointment.

It will probably be found that the most important condition that has been made is that Sir Antony Macdonnell will be requested to resign, and that the Government will take all the responsibility that will follow upon such a step.

The Nationalists profess to believe that the correspondence which Sir Antony Macdonnell may be expected to publish in the event of his being dismissed will do irretrievable injury to the Government, but Mr. Balfour, I believe, is prepared to face any such contingency.

Among Liberals and Nationalists this afternoon there was a good deal of discussion on the subject of Lord Rosebery's speech last night at the City Liberal Club.

There is openly-expressed indignation with the noble lord on account of his pronounced objection to Home Rule being dealt with by any Liberal Cabinet that might be formed.

The "Evil Genius."

The Liberals take the view that it is no concern of Lord Rosebery's, who has taken no active part whatever in the work of the Liberal Party for the last half-dozen years, and who professes himself as being "outside party," to come forward now and endeavour to dictate the terms on which a Liberal Ministry ought to take office.

They openly declare that it is one more indication that Lord Rosebery is the evil genius of the Liberal party, and the sooner he is plainly told so the better will it be for all concerned.

Of course, a few of the Liberal leaders are secretly pleased at Lord Rosebery's declaration, but, for the moment, undoubtedly his speech will have a very disastrous effect, so far as the unity of the Liberal party is concerned.

But, at any rate, it has settled one thing, and that is, that Lord Rosebery will not be a member of the Liberal Cabinet.

I mentioned some time ago that Mr. Arnold-Forster's health was by no means as satisfactory as he could desire.

War Minister's Health.

I believe it is the case that his doctors have strongly advised him in the interests of his health to take a complete rest from his parliamentary duties, the strain upon the War Minister having been much greater than he is able to bear.

It will not therefore be surprising if, by the time Easter comes round, Mr. Balfour, in addition to his other troubles, has to find a new War Minister in Mr. Arnold-Forster's place.

This afternoon in the Lobby there was nothing new to report so far as the vacancies in the Government are concerned.

Everybody seems to have made up their minds that Mr. Walter Long is going to Ireland, and that Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Grant Lawson will probably take over control at the Local Government Board.

Labour organisations achieved a great triumph this afternoon in carrying, by an overwhelming majority, the second reading of the Trades Disputes Bill, which legalises picketing and gives further protection to trade union funds.

Great pressure will be brought to bear upon the Government to secure its final passage.

POISONED MILLIONAIRESS.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, one of the richest women in the world, met her death at Honolulu, finds a coroner's jury, "by strychnine introduced into a bottle of bicarbonate of soda by someone with felonious intent."

"This is a terrible death to die," said Mrs. Stanford with her last breath. She was the widow of Senator Stanford, of San Francisco.

Suspicion has fallen upon Mrs. Stanford's Chinese cook.

DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN QUAKER.

In the midst of preparing a history of the Society of Friends, Mr. J. W. Rowntree, son of Mr. Joseph Rowntree, the well-known chocolate manufacturer, has died of pneumonia at New York.

Deeply versed in religious and social questions, Mr. Rowntree was best known as the historian of the adult school movement.

KING'S WEDDING DAY.

Anniversary of the Royal Marriage Forty-two Years Ago.

The King and Queen yesterday exchanged wedding gifts, as has been their annual custom on each successive anniversary of their marriage forty-two years ago.

From all parts of the Empire and from all the royal houses of Europe came congratulatory greetings, and in hundreds of belfries merry peals rang out many happy returns of the day.

The "royal city" of Windsor was given up to bell-ringing, rejoicing, and pleasant reminiscences.

The gun-firing and bell-ringing seemed to older people like an echo of the rejoicings in 1863 when Denmark's loveliest daughter was married to the gallant Prince of Wales.

On that glad day the ceremony began at eleven o'clock. The bridal procession left the Castle to the sound of the voices of Windsor children, who waited in long lines to watch the bride of Queen Victoria's son walk to St. George's Chapel.

The ceremony, which Queen Alexandra must have assisted yesterday, was marked by a curious little incident during the benediction, when, in the silence of the chapel, broken only by the Archbishop of Canterbury's voice, the organ suddenly gave a shrill scream, as those uncontrollable and inattentive instruments sometimes do.

Queen Victoria sat looking down on the brilliant crowd from a gallery on the left of the altar.

After the wedding there was a gorgious breakfast in the Castle, the wedding-cake, three tiers high, was cut, and the bride and bridegroom left at four o'clock for Osborne.

That was what the older gossips at Windsor were talking about yesterday. And they agreed that the admiration which the beautiful Princess of Wales inspired in them on that day has increased ever since for our gracious Queen Alexandra.

CAPTAIN ROSSLYN WEMYSS,



In command of the Royal Naval College at Osborne. It is understood that he is to be appointed to a new post as Director of Naval Training.—(Russell.)

APPEAL COURT FLASHES.

Master of the Rolls Cites a Dog Jump with Relish in a Nautical Case.

"Mi luds" in the Appeal Court yesterday waxed facetious over an appeal regarding the collision in the North Sea between the steamship London and the Grimsby trawler Anson, which was sunk.

Sir Francis Jeune held the Anson alone to blame, but it was urged by counsel that the fact that the London was so slightly injured showed she must have been going at a high speed.

The Master of the Rolls: I have seen a dog jump through a plate-glass window without hurting a hair, but he went at the window with a beautiful spring.

Lord Justice Mathew (at a later stage) was told your explanation that the truth was sworn to on this occasion? Was it by an accident?

Ultimately the Court held that the London and the Anson were jointly to blame.

WHOLE TOWN ANNIHILATED.

MOMBASA, Friday.—A rumour has reached here that 9,000 Somalis have attacked the town of Merka, on the Benadir coast, and annihilated the inhabitants.—Reuter.

Mr. Justice Joyce yesterday refused an application of a debenture holder of the Consolidated Collieries Company to appoint a receiver and manager on the ground that his security was in peril.

PENSION TEA 'FRAUD.'

Official Receiver's Strong Denunciation of the Business.

"MOST RECKLESS SCHEME."

Speaking at a meeting of the creditors of the Nelson Tea Company, which was held at the Holborn Restaurant yesterday, the Official Receiver said:

"I have come to the conclusion that the company was a device by which Messrs. Catton and Bainbridge and others made large profits by deluding people into buying the company's tea on the faith of promises which those who made them knew could not be fulfilled.

"I am of opinion that fraud has been committed in the company's business, and I intend to report to the Court accordingly."

Over 300,000 Creditors.

Among the large number of creditors to whom this striking statement was made were many widows, dressed in mourning, representatives of the 19,000 now suffering through the collapse of the scheme.

Opening his statement by saying that if all the creditors were admitted there would be over three hundred thousand, the Official Receiver proceeded to give a summary of the history and position of the company.

Describing it as "a most reckless pension scheme," he said it had been started in 1896. In 1901 a dividend for the half year was declared at the rate of 20 per cent., amounting to £20,416. In 1902 the dividend was 22 per cent., and amounted to £22,162. In 1903 the dividend went up to 39 per cent., the amount paid to shareholders being £28,304. Last year it increased to 48 per cent., and amounted to £49,193, including £2,000 paid on January 9 this year.

Profits Over £805,000.

At the time the shareholders were receiving a dividend of 48 per cent., the fund set aside for the widows' pensions was insufficient, and the system broke down.

The total profits of the company were £285,633 10s. 6d. Of this sum £637,145 7s. 6d. had been paid in pensions and £120,763 10s. 8d. to the Nelson Share Syndicate by way of dividend.

The directors had submitted a statement of affairs showing assets £51,562 and liabilities £5,671. These figures, however, could not be taken as reliable because they entirely omitted all questions of customers or pensioners. In June, 1904, there were over 19,000 widows in receipt of pensions estimated in amount at many millions of pounds for which no corresponding reserve was or could be made. As regards the shareholders the accounts showed a deficit of £54,614.

After some heated discussion the Official Receiver was, by a show of hands, appointed liquidator.

PAINTING LONDON'S NAVY.

H.M.S. Buzzard Being Prepared for a Thorough Spring Cleaning.

Though London's Naval Volunteers, the stockbrokers and young City men who man H.M.S. Buzzard, may prove of inestimable service in times of war, in times of peace they are not so industrious as they might be.

The warship moored above Blackfriars Bridge is hardly a model of smartness. Her decks are littered with tarpaulins, coils of rope, and spare spars; her brasswork is unpolished, and the recent foggy weather has given her a desperately dingy appearance.

It appears that the Volunteers have worked hard at gun-drill, but they have very little inclination for cleaning brasswork, scraping bulwarks, or holystone decks.

To remedy the state of the Buzzard the Admiralty have at last decided to have her thoroughly overhauled and painted. Men are now busy getting the ship and her boats ready for the painters, and she will shortly be spick and span, worthy her position as the only warship in London.

PASSIVE HEROES OF THE CELL.

The leading passive resistance martyrs who have been in prison held a series of meetings in Manchester yesterday.

When the Rev. F. B. Meyer stepped on the platform of the central hall he found it fitted up with the scenic effect of a prison cell, and he and the speakers had to sit on the plank-bed.

Many of the ex-prisoners gave their testimony as to prison life, and one produced a piece of prison bread and a collection of prison utensils.

SIR GRAHAM MURRAY, BART.

The King has conferred a baronetcy upon the Right Hon. Graham Murray, president of the Court of Session in Scotland.

REVIVAL TRIUMPH.

Hymns and Prayers Precede Heroic Rescue of Entombed Miners.

The Tillery Valley, in Monmouthshire, was started yesterday by the news that a big fall had occurred in the Llanhileid colliery of Messrs. Partridge, Jones, and Co.

The day-shift had been in the workings for four hours, and not only was there personal injury from the fall of debris to be feared, but the choking of the ventilation passages imperilled over 300 men.

There were sixteen miners at the scene of the fall. Six of them managed to evade the falling roof and sides with only a few scratches, but the remaining ten were completely buried.

As soon as the alarm was given keen revivalists prayed and sang at the pit-mouth, and then worked with the most frantic zeal in the rescue party.

After two hours' toll of the entombed men were rescued, but there were still seven much more deeply buried.

Further falls were continually taking place, but, ultimately, by tremendous efforts on the part of the rescuers the whole party were got out.

All were alive, but there were some terrible wounds among them. Dennis Carroll had a severely fractured skull, and his case was at once recognised as hopeless. George Davies had a broken breastbone, fractured ribs, and internal lacerations. William John Lewis had fractured his spine. Two other men had dislocations and serious contusions.

The rapidity and success of the rescue is regarded as a triumph for the revivalists, who worked as if inspired.

EPIDEMIC OF MEASLES.

Nottingham Children Attacked in Hundreds — Schools Closed.

Measles at Nottingham is making as serious ravages as typhoid at Lincoln, though the mortality is chiefly among very young children.

Twenty schools are closed at the former place, and 123 deaths have been registered. One family has lost four children under five. Pneumonia and bronchitis are the principal complications.

At Lincoln the theatre is still closed, and last market day one special train brought only eleven passengers. The corporation are threatened with a number of actions for damages for the loss of dead-brownings. So far there have been eighty-seven deaths and 808 cases reported.

"MAD DOG FLEET" DAMAGES.

£115,000 Asked For, but Russia Only Pays £65,000.

Sixty-five thousand pounds is to be paid by the Russian Government to the owners and crew of the Hull fishing fleet for damage done by the Baltic Squadron that fired among the fishermen on the morning of October 22.

This is only slightly over half the £115,000 asked for—£35,000 by the fishermen and £50,000 by the owners.

The British Commissioners went into all the claims very carefully, and those which were found to be untenable were thrown out.

The widow who has been left with eight children, and the aged mother, who were supported by the men who were killed, are to have Government annuities purchased for them.

DEADLY WEATHER.

Large Numbers of Distinguished People Seriously Ill.

The number of distinguished people ill owing to the change of weather, is still large. The list includes:—

Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman (Dover), much improved.

Lord Norton, a distinguished Gladstonian statesman (Birmingham), lung trouble, condition grave.

Lord Justice Romer (London), much better.

Lord Strathcona (s. Oceanic), severe cold, nearly recovered.

Mr. Lulu Harcourt, M.P. (London), pneumonia better.

Viscount Peel (London), seriously ill.

Hon. A. Russell, County Court Judge, slightly indisposed.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., M.P., suffering from gout.

NEW BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

The Dean and Chapter of Gloucester have been empowered by the King to elect a Bishop in place of Bishop Eliott, resigned, and Dr. Gibson, vicar of Leeds, has been recommended to them by his Majesty.

JUDGE'S TRIBUTE TO CO-RESPONDENT.

Doctor Leaves Court with Reputation Unimpaired.

STRANGE SITUATION.

After deliberating but a few moments, and without leaving their box, the jurymen who have been hearing the Miller-Fowler divorce case yesterday found a verdict in favour of the doctor co-respondent.

"Dr. Fowler," said the President of the Divorce Court, as he struck the co-respondent's name out of the petition, "leaves this Court without a stain on his character."

When the President said this there was applause loud and continuous from the packed benches behind the barristers.

Friends crowded round the doctor and his wife, who had been sitting side by side, to offer congratulations.

President's Tribute.

The President's summing-up had had for its text the value of a good reputation. It was pointed out to the jury that not a word had been said against Dr. Fowler's character, apart from the actual charge in the petition.

Cross-examination had nothing to suggest against his credit.

"I have very seldom seen a gentleman give his evidence with greater accuracy," added the President.

With regard to Mrs. Miller's self-denunciation, the President said: "I confess I cannot comprehend her motives. I am forced to the conclusion that she is not a trustworthy witness."

During the early part of the day Dr. Fowler had been cross-examined on every detail of the charges by Mr. Low, K.C., and had given his answers frankly, and with great clearness and self-control.

The case, as far as it is concerned with Mr. Miller and Mrs. Miller, is still before the Court. The President will announce at a later date, after hearing counsel, whether he considers the wife's statements as against herself are such as entitle her husband to a divorce.

MRS. MAYBRICK'S RECEPTION.

Shakes Hands with Many Sympathisers in an American Church.

After a period of quiet retirement among the Catskill Mountains, Mrs. Florence Maybrick has attended service at the Baptist Temple, Philadelphia, and at the reception which followed the woman who served fifteen years in English prisons for the murder of her husband shook hands with hundreds of believers in her innocence.

The hapless little American woman sat in a pew beside the pastor's wife, and altogether about 4,000 people filed past, offering words of sympathy; every one trying to give her hand.

So great was the pressure and so hard the ordeal that Mrs. Maybrick collapsed under the strain of her emotions. It was necessary to look her in the pastor's study.

Afterwards she told the newspaper reporters that the sole purpose of her visit was to thank those who had assisted the movement to obtain her release from an English prison.

In one account she is described as having a sweet smile, with a bird-like habit of tilting her head on one side and looking upward through the corners of her eyes as if in a coquettish pose. In her hat was a red bird's wing.

RESCINDED DIVORCE.

Mr. Justice Bargrave Deane gave his decision in the Roche v. Roche divorce case, in which the King's Proctor intervened.

Whilst sympathising with the wife, he held that she was not entitled to her petition because she suppressed a material fact. Decree rescinded.

"A Highly Nutritious Food." - British Analytical Control.

ONE CUP of PLASMON Cocoa

contains more Nutriment than ½ lb. Beef, or ten cups of ordinary Cocoa, and is free from chemicals.

Aids Digestion. Braces the Nerves.

MOTOR-CAR'S PLUNGE.

Lady Flung from a Rustic Bridge and Drowned in a Mill-race.

Miss Notley, daughter of the rector of Diftord, South Brent, Devonshire, has been killed in a thrilling motor-car accident near Stafford.

The car, which belonged to Mr. Arthur Challinor, town clerk of Hanley, started out with Mrs. Challinor, her niece, Miss Notley, and a chauffeur, James Roper.

Shortly after leaving Little Ingestre, where Mr. Challinor lives, just as Great Heywood Mill is approached, there is a very sharp turn in the road, before a bridge over the Trent.

When the car reached the middle of the bridge something went wrong with the steering-gear. The car dashed into the side of the bridge, broke down part of the wall, and fell into the mill-race. The water is 20ft. deep at this point.

The chauffeur jumped out, tried to clutch Miss Notley, but failed, and was flung on to the roadway. Mrs. Challinor and Miss Notley were thrown with the car into the water.

As she fell Mrs. Challinor was hurled from the car and struck the water cleanly. She was carried some distance down by the swift stream, but was eventually rescued insensible. Miss Notley, however, was unable to extricate herself from the car, and was drowned in the Trent.

MR. WALTER LONG.



Mr. Walter Long, now President of the Local Government Board, has been asked to succeed Mr. George Wyndham as Chief Secretary for Ireland.—(Russell.)

FORLORN PIER-HEAD.

Mayor Refused a Renewed Licence for the Remnant of His Property.

Successful opposition was made yesterday to an application for the renewal of the licence of the North Pier, Scarborough, on the ground that the premises of the pier head are now outside the jurisdiction of the justices.

The pier, except the pavilion, was recently swept away by a tidal wave, and the pier head is now an "island," the site being below low water.

The mayor, Mr. Morgan, who owns the property, was informed that if the pier was ever rebuilt an application for a new licence would be carefully considered.

DANGERS OF COUNTRY MANSIONS.

Risks in the matter of country houses were not satisfactory. The fact was that, as a rule, there were no adequate means of checking outbreaks of fire in country mansions.

This statement was made by the chairman of the British Law Fire Insurance Company at the annual meeting of shareholders yesterday, when a dividend of seven per cent. was declared.

"GOING OUT IN THE DARK."

Some pathetic revelations were made at yesterday's inquest on the Rev. A. C. Rogers, curate of St. Peter's Church, Eaton-square, who committed suicide on Wednesday.

He feared blindness, and talked to a fellow-curate most despondently about "going out in the dark."

He had resigned, but the vicar did not wish to accept his resignation, as his work was invaluable.

PRINCESS CONVALESCENT.

Princess Victoria has so far recovered from her illness that yesterday she was able to leave Buckingham Palace and take a short drive through the park.

TIES OF EMPIRE.

Stirring Appeal by Mr. Chamberlain for National Sacrifices.

"THE ONLY HOPE."

Mr. Chamberlain has joined the ranks of political journalists, and in the current number of the "Outlook" has a long and striking article, entitled "Nelson's Year and National Duty."

"This," exclaims the ex-Colonial Secretary, "is Nelson's year! Now, if ever, it becomes Britons throughout the world to consider what is the nature of that Empire which Nelson won for us; what is its worth; what are its obligations; how it can best be maintained, and what we ourselves are doing to make it a living force and to prolong its glorious traditions."

"In considering these questions we must always bear in mind that the Empire was won and kept, and can only be maintained, by sacrifice."

He proclaims the loyalty of our Colonies in stirring phrases. "They have," he declares, "in recent years been more than loyal. They have gone beyond the bond."

Other empires, urges Mr. Chamberlain, have rested on enforced tribute or unwilling subordination.

Again, "if we had no rivals, we might rest satisfied with the slender tie of sentiment which now constitutes our only bond of union."

But "this sentimental tie between ourselves and our kinsmen, admirable as it is, must be strengthened by practical bonds if it is to endure the strain that at any moment may be placed upon it."

Mr. Chamberlain cites Prince Bismarck. The German empire was made by blood and iron.

"That," adds the writer, "is true, but it is not the whole truth." That empire was made by "the undying resolution, the brilliant courage, and the magnificent self-sacrifice of those who had a living and inspiring faith in the virtues of the union for which they proved themselves to be 'content to live and, if need be, content to die.' Is our faith less instant and less sincere, or must we confess that we are no longer able in England to do our duty when it is accompanied by any risk or by any sacrifice?"

"I do not believe it," he adds, for "without the indomitable courage and devotion of Nelson, the Empire could hardly have survived its childhood."

ELOPEMENT FIASCO.

Policeman Arrived at the Station Instead of the Expected Lady.

A Gateshead man named Harper was waiting on the platform at the station for a girl with whom he intended to run away.

But instead of the girl he expected came a policeman with a summons for desertion taken out by his wife.

His plea in court that he left Mrs. Harper because of her drunken habits did not prevent his being ordered to pay her 7s. 6d. a week.

PROUD RECORD STAINED.

Grand Duke Sergius's Assassin Believed To Be of Noble Family.

It is reported that the assassin of the Grand Duke Sergius has been identified as a Prince of the house of Obolensky.

This would account for the long visit paid to him by the widow of the murdered Duke.

If this report proves true, the records of one of the oldest and most powerful Russian families, dating back to the Rurik period, will be marred and stained.

One Prince Obolensky, Governor of Kharkoff, was wounded in August, 1902, when an attempt was made on his life.

Another member of the family is chief aide-de-camp to the Emperor, while others have been Assistant Minister of the Interior and Assistant Minister of Justice respectively.

RETIREMENT OF EVAN ROBERTS.

"The young man has completed the work God intended him to do in South Wales," says a writer in a South Wales newspaper, discussing the idea that Evan Roberts's work is over.

At the same time, the revival itself is spreading, and a Scotch merchant has just arranged for the importation of a party of Welsh missionaries to Glasgow and Paisley to commence work there.

£100 FOR AN EYE.

Not being supplied with goggles, John Walker, a labourer, whilst laying tramways at West Ham, lost his left eye through a flying piece of concrete. Yesterday, at Bow County Court, he was awarded £100 damages from the West Ham Corporation.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

Police Episode Follows Adventure in Baronet's Career.

That interesting and buoyant personality, Sir Robert Peel, has had another of his adventures.

He was ungratefully summoned yesterday to Marlborough-street Police Court by the force that his grandfather, the second baronet, called into being. The charge was that of wilfully obstructing the free passage of the footway in Regent's street.

Sir Robert, no doubt annoyed by the ingratitudes referred to, did not appear, so the magistrate had to mark the book, "No surrender."

Sir Robert's record as a celebrity is a long and variegated one. Perhaps he is best known to the public in connection with the "Peel heirlooms." A lawsuit, of "Jarndyce v. Jarndyce" length, attended his desire to sell the pictures at his ancestral home, Drayton Manor.

He has also made the acquaintance of the Bankruptcy Court, and has been accused of breaking the law of libel.

His most romantic achievement was a French duel. He was challenged by the Duke of Civella, and seconds were appointed. But, as so often happens in French duels, at the last moment, before the bloodshed began, there was an apology, and all was mutual forgiveness and friendliness.

FOR A HALFPENNY A DAY.

Wonderful Publishing Enterprise Ready for the Public on March 21.

We live in the age of the halfpenny. During the past few years it has been found possible to issue newspapers for a halfpenny which not long ago were regarded as cheap at a penny.

It has remained, however, for the present year of grace to show us how the same small coin can procure the fullest and most complete work of reference of the century.

"The Harmsworth Encyclopedia"—a work of over six thousand pages, containing some fifty short articles written by experts—is offered to the public at the amazing price of one halfpenny per page.

This work, the total cost of which to the purchaser is twenty-three shillings and fourpence, is about to be published in fortnightly parts at sevenpence each, that is to say, it costs just one halfpenny per day, or the price of an evening paper, to secure a work of reference unique in its completeness, its accuracy, and its practical utility.

There is, however, nothing cheap about this work except in price to the purchaser, and only a colossal circulation can make it remunerative to the publishers upon such terms.

Its cost has been enormous, over five hundred experts having been engaged for a long time past in its preparation.

It is well printed on good paper, and is profusely illustrated with maps—many of them coloured—plans, diagrams, photographs, and sketches. No less than 500 miles of paper, forty inches wide, was used in the production of the first fortnightly part.

In order to place "The Harmsworth Encyclopedia" within reach of everyone, the publishers have decided to issue it in fortnightly parts at sevenpence each. The first of these will be on sale at all bookstalls and newsagents on Tuesday, March 21; but owing to the enormous demand that is anticipated it will be highly advisable to place an order at once.

SILENT PIETY.

Father Adderley on "Waves of Feeling That Leave Revivalists Worse Off Than Ever."

It was not to be said that, because a man could not stand up before a congregation and admit his sins, he was not quite as religious as the loud speaker.

The Rev. Father Adderley was speaking at St. Lawrence Jewry, yesterday, on revivalism. A revival meant a "living again," he said, and this was a matter of the will and of sustained strength—not the spasmodic enthusiasm of men and women abruptly called in by a wave of feeling that subsided too often and left the revivalists worse off than ever.

CHILDREN TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
Has been used for over 50 years by mothers for their children, while teething with perfect success. It eases the child, softens the gums, relieves all PAIN, eases WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for STARBURST.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/2d per bottle.

WORKMEN MADE EXPERTS.

Germany's Splendid Example in Technical Education.

HORSE-SHOEING SCHOOL.

Germany is the most advanced country in the world in the matter of technical education. A consular report issued yesterday abundantly proves it.

Take, for example, the bootmakers' technical school at Wermelskirchen, in Prussia—the first school of its kind founded for the promotion of the trade in Germany. It is intended for the instruction of managers, foremen, and pattern-cutters; but workmen who wish to perfect themselves in certain branches are also admitted.

The fees amount to £15 10s. per annum for Germans, and £20 10s. for foreigners—an object-lesson in our schools! Workmen pay £2 10s. per quarter, and "outsiders," £20 per annum, if Germans, and £30 if foreigners.

All fees are paid in advance, and are only returned in special cases. Poor or specially diligent pupils are wholly or partially dispensed from fees. Pupils must also pay the cost price of spilt raw materials.

FORTY SCHOOLS WITH 116 MASTERS.

There are also mining, smelting, and preparatory mining schools at Freiberg, Berlin, Clausthal, and Aix, where there is also a technical university. Altogether there are forty mining schools, attended by 962 pupils, who are instructed by 116 masters.

The instruction given in the mining and smelting schools is mainly intended for the training of lower officials and overseers; the preparatory mining schools prepare, as the name indicates, for entrance to the mining schools.

Persons desirous of attending the mining schools must have completed the elementary schools and have been engaged for several years in practical mining work. To prevent them losing touch with practical work, and to enable them to earn something during their period of study, an arrangement has been arrived at according to which they can do a certain amount of practical work at stated times.

The town of Charlottenburg possesses an institute for the training of instructors at horse-shoeing schools. The course lasts four months, begins when a sufficient number of applicants have presented themselves, and is gratuitous.

In a critical summary, the British Consul points out that the system upon which technical education is conducted in Germany forms a most instructive lesson for the organisation of similar schools which may be founded in England.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

How Illustrated Papers Have Killed the Suffrage Movement.

The Woman's Suffrage movement has taken on a new lease of life. Twenty years ago, when the New Woman with short hair—and the New Man with long—came in, Woman's Suffrage was a topic which raged everywhere. But, like short skirts and rational dress, it soon became almost as extinct as the dodo.

But a small spark of the movement has been kept alive by the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, and there will be a remarkable demonstration at the Queen's Hall next Tuesday.

Yesterday the *Daily Mirror* interviewed Miss Edith Palliser, the secretary, who said that the society was putting forth all its efforts for this great demonstration in view of the coming general election, and never before had so large a meeting been held.

Lady Aberdeen and Mrs. Henry Fawcett will address the meeting, and Mr. Leonard Courtney will occupy the chair.

About ninety members of Parliament have promised to attend, if possible, but probably many are wise enough to bid for feminine popularity by publicly supporting a movement they would strenuously oppose in private and in the House.

No woman really wants a vote. When ladies' papers increased in number, and contained plenty of pictures of pretty women in pretty clothes, one soon heard less of rational dress, and never met a short-haired woman.

BABY'S FATAL RAMBLE.

Village Searches All Night in a Storm for a Missing Child.

It was late in the afternoon when the two-year-old daughter of Mr. Addison, landlord of the Sun Inn, Flimby, was missed.

All night long, in a gale of wind, drenched with rain, but untiring, neighbours searched hill and dale and forest.

At daybreak what looked like a bundle of clothing in a sandhole on the beach caught some one's eye. It was the child—dead from hunger and cold.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. H. Beerbom Tree defines a gentleman as "a man who does not regulate his courtesies by his interests."

Halifax, according to a local councillor, has as many "half-timers" as Leeds, Bradford, and Huddersfield put together.

In making a survey of the channel in connection with the case against the Ribble Bill, members of the Southport Corporation travelled in shrimp carts.

A curious and painful mishap befell the wife of a Steyning (Sussex) confectioner. She was knocked down by a big dog in the street and her leg was broken.

Three-halfpence represented the takings at a public-house at Tunstall, on the Holderness (East Yorkshire) coast the day before the landlord was fined £5 for selling adulterated whisky.

Oldham's mayor recalls the fact that, according to an ancient statute, there is a fine for swearing of £2 6d. for a gentleman, and £1. for anyone else, but he has never heard of it being enforced.

Mr. Andrew Lang has made an interesting discovery which will add one more portrait to the limited number of authentic pictures of Mary Queen of Scots. The Earl of Leven and Melville

possess this oil-painting.

Expressing regret for having libelled Mrs. Fanny Luke, her former employer, Florence Sears, domestic servant, was liberated at the Old Bailey yesterday. The libel was contained in a written statement which Sears gummed on to the railings of Mrs. Luke's house.

Cardiff University College enjoys the unique distinction of having on its staff two professors who are husband and wife.

Half a million sterling is to be raised by the Harbours Trustees as part of the outlay upon the new dock at Swansea.

Policemen at Blowick, Southport, are now carrying guns night and day. They are looking for sheep-worriers, but so far their vigilance has been unrewarded.

"Like father, like son," William Hewitt, aged thirteen, son of Mr. W. J. Hewitt, the Warrington steeplejack, climbs the highest chimneys on his own account.

Liverpool Corporation are, amongst other things, their own ratcatchers. A boy has just been sent to gaol for stealing one of their rat-traps from a man in Forth-street.

"It touches the spot," and "Insist on seeing the label," are the texts from which the Rev. F. S. Webster, of London, will preach sermons at St. Ann's, Manchester, during Lent.

Two Cheshire vicars, respectively father-in-law and son-in-law, have agreed to exchange livings. The gentlemen in question are the Rev. S. Wilkinson, of Timperley, who is the father-in-law, and the Rev. G. D. Wray, of Halton.

A shave nearly cost a Hanley publican his licence. While the Bench were occupied with another case he visited the barber. He was not there when his name was called, but he turned up just as the Court was rising, and the mayor told him he was lucky to get his licence.

OPENING THE NOTTINGHAM ASSIZES.



Mr. Justice Phillimore at the opening of the assizes at Nottingham.

Thieves have stolen two medals, worth £20, and other valuables, from a case at the Rochester Museum.

During the past fortnight there were exactly as many boys as girls born in the three districts of Whitechapel, Limehouse, and Mile End.

High buildings in a Bristol thoroughfare were yesterday swept by a perfect upward Niagara of water owing to the bursting of a main. Dense clouds of spray were carried all over the street.

Reising, in their terror, all efforts to liberate them, two horses were burnt to death near Llanelly yesterday. Sparks from a railway engine are supposed to have caused the fire.

The Indian jackal which was killed recently near Sevenoaks, Kent, after having destroyed sheep and game to the value of over £200, is attracting much attention in the shop window of a Derby tinsmith.

From Droitwich to Worcester a Swindon boy named Siddons rode on the buffer of a railway carriage. He could not pay the fare when asked, and has been sent to the workhouse pending inquiries.

Birds have built a nest on the levering gear near the top of a signal-post in the Midland line at Snydale, Normanton. Although disturbed once, the feathered songsters returned undaunted to their building operations.

Singularly bad luck has attended a Berwick boy named Galbraith. In a short space of time he has broken his leg by falling from Berwick ramparts, has had his eye and face badly hurt by roundabouts, and now a barrel, falling from a lorry, has fractured his left thigh.

A hawk consented to remove an accumulation of rubbish from the garden of a Liverpool suburban resident. So much noise did the hawk make in doing so, at 1 a.m., that the householder expostulated. Next day the rubbish was still there; it was a load of coal that had been removed.

Glasgow University Conservative Club yesterday selected the Marquis of Linlithgow to oppose Mr. Asquith as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship.

Two men were accused of poaching at Clitheroe. The gamekeeper was unable to identify either of them in court, although he said he had known defendants for some time.

Leeds Corporation are making an experiment with a view to an abatement of the smoke nuisance. The new apparatus is the application to the boilers of mechanical forced draught, which leads to more perfect combustion.

Familiarity has bred contempt in the case of a capital scarecrow which stands in a field near Bolden, Durham. The representation is that of a man firing a gun, but yesterday a row of birds were coolly perched on the weapon.

Accused by a brother-councillor of touting three or four weeks to secure his election, a member of the Bridlington municipal authority retorted that he "had not sneaked in," like his opponent. The latter had been returned unopposed at a by-election.

In fording the River Tavy, Robert Lawrence, an employee of Mr. T. Cundy, the well-known cattle-breeder of Devonport, was drowned. His wagon and horse were washed away with him. Lawrence was a familiar figure at all the principal dairy shows.

Mr. Charles Mathews, the well-known barrister, who has defended so many prisoners in the criminal courts, yesterday appeared as a witness at Clerkenwell Sessions. He gave an excellent character to a butcher who was charged with theft, and the man was acquitted.

Clyton Hall, an historic mansion belonging to the Manchester Corporation, which it is suggested shall be used as a library, possessed a ghost. Some troublesome was the spirit that the aid of a clergyman had to be invoked, it is stated, before it could be laid to rest.

OUR BIG WAR PICTURE.

A Remarkable Work from the Brush of Mr. R. Caton Woodville.

HORRORS OF MANCHURIA.

The dramatic picture reproduced on pages 8-9 to-day is not only remarkable in that it realises with great graphic force the fearful price which had to be paid for Marshal Oyama's great victory over General Kurupatin in the most terrible battle known to history. It has another claim to our readers' special attention.

This is the very first time that such a picture has ever been reproduced in a daily journal. The difficulties of printing are increased enormously in the case of so large an illustration, and hitherto it has been considered impossible to overcome them.

The *Daily Mirror* is printed on rotary machines, each turning out 50,000 copies an hour, and if only a few years ago it had been suggested to a printer that before long it would be made possible to print high-class illustrations at such an enormous speed he would have scouted the idea as palpably absurd.

Even to-day our double-page picture will come as a startling revelation to many who considered themselves well informed in all the up-to-date possibilities of printing.

The *Daily Mirror* has already achieved a reputation for the manner in which its illustrations are printed—the conditions being remembered—of which we are very proud. But we are not going to rest on our laurels, and our big picture to-day is an earnest of our intention to do better every time.

The courtesy of the "Illustrated London News" enables us to make use of Mr. Caton Woodville's fine picture.

ARISTOCRATIC ARTISTS.

Some Fine Exhibits at the Royal Amateur Art Society's Show.

There were many admirers and a goodly number of buyers yesterday at the second day of the Royal Amateur Art Society's show in Seaford House, lent by Lord Howard de Walden.

Competition was particularly brisk for the beautiful fan-sticks enamelled by the Princess Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein. They fetched £30, and have been specially photographed for the *Daily Mirror*.

The Grand Duchess Victoria Melita of Hesse had a screen devoted to her three paintings, one of a violin lying amidst a quantity of crimson roses, another of a bunch of wallflowers in a green fan, and a third of a loose handful of anemones carelessly thrown on to a white covered table.

All day long visitors clustered round these exhibits, which were certainly the clo of the show.

Another real work of art, of a different order, was the threefold screen embroidered by Lady Carew, representing a woodland scene. Lady Hood exhibited an exquisitely embroidered arm-chair, looking more like a woven material than a piece of needlework.

The ten feet long panel, worked by Mrs. Clifford Cory for her sister, Lady Carew's, drawing-room wall, contains over a million stitches.

Among the paintings are some clever studies of the heads of cats and dogs, the work of an invalid lady who can hardly move off her couch. Last year the Queen bought one of these, and a copy of it was eagerly snapped up on the first day.

Photographs of the principal exhibits, specially taken for the *Daily Mirror*, appear on page 1.

INFLUENZA AND MIND.

Insanity Often Follows the Mildest Attacks of the Malady.

Influenza and madness are closely allied. This inference is obvious from a lecture on "Toxic Mental Disorders," by Dr. George H. Savage; published in the "Lancet."

The eminent physician says that insanity may come on at various stages of the disease.

"People who have been subject to other attacks of insanity get an attack of influenza and that again precipitates the attack. Therefore it may be the predisposing or the exciting cause of any form of mental disorder."

"But in nearly all cases where there is mental disorder following influenza it occurs in persons of nervous inheritance or in those of a degenerate type."

"The onset of the insanity is often sudden, and bears no relationship to the severity of the attack of influenza. Some of the most marked cases of insanity following influenza which I have come across have been those in which the influenza itself had been comparatively slight."

"It is interesting, also, to remember that a person who is suffering from chronic insanity may, during an attack of influenza, have lucid intervals,

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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LONDON, E.C.
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PARIS OFFICE: 28, Rue Talbott.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1905

THE STARVING COUNTRYSIDE.

"ALL through my life I have hated anything in the nature of a useless debate," said Mr. Chamberlain in the House of Commons this week. He has the sympathy of all sensible men.

To spend hours and hours in fruitless argument would be futile in any case, even though there were no urgent matters calling for discussion. To talk for the sake of talking when it is a matter of life or death to England that evils which are eating out her heart should be remedied is not only stupid; it is heartless, monstrous, wicked.

We only wish Mr. Chamberlain would pass from the negative to the positive; that he would not merely denounce useless speech-making, but would start debates on really vital questions. One of the most painful of these questions is the wretched state of labourers on the land under the present antiquated and cruel system of land-owning which prevails in this country.

There is in the March "Cornhill Magazine" an article on this subject which fills the mind with terrible forebodings. The writer—evidently one who knows rural England thoroughly well—declares that the real reason for the rush from the country to the towns is not, as our "comfortable moles" smugly pretend, the dullness of village life, but the pitiable, awful fact that in many parts of the country the villager never has enough to eat.

The plain and terrible truth of the matter is that, in districts far wider and more numerous than the kind dwellers in towns and casual visitors to our pretty villages can be expected to realise, the agricultural labourer, his wife, and his children are half-starved from the beginning to the end of life.

In the village where the writer himself lives there is not a labourer, he tells us, who would not regard sixteen shillings a week (the average wage in the country, according to official estimates) as wealth. What they earn at present is about ten shillings a week during spring, summer, and autumn. In the winter, when there is not so much to do, many of them earn nothing regular at all.

The natural consequence is that a generation of stunted, feeble, creatures is growing up in the country just as a race of undersized, anaemic Britons is being produced in the towns. The health and strength of a nation is nothing, in reality, but the health and strength of the individuals composing it. If our city-dwellers go on dwindling in a wilderness of brick and mortar, and our countryside cottages continue to be filled by the half-starved, the greatness of Britain must inevitably fade away until it is no more than a recollection and a name.

These are the matters that should be occupying the days and nights of the House of Commons—not the stale devices of worn-out political parties, not the empty verbiage of tedious political hacks.

A "COMMON" DANGER.

A painful rumour reaches us from Wimbledon. It appears that there are a number of selfish and unreasonable people who object to being struck on the head by golf balls as they walk along a public road and over a public common. There is even talk of an agitation to stop golf on the common altogether.

If anything can rouse the middle-aged manhood of England to protest, it is this outrageous proposal. Commons, it ought to be understood, were made for golfers. The general public was allowed to use them for a long time, but that was only because golf had not yet crossed the Tweed.

Even now anyone who likes can walk about Wimbledon Common at will. All he has to do is to fling himself flat on the ground whenever he hears a hoarse cry of "Fore," and to pay instant and respectful attention to the red-coated martinet who挥 him contemptuously out of their way. To ask for more must strike any unprejudiced person (who plays golf) as outrageous, and even absurd.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Every man is the architect of his own fortune. And it's luck for the most of us that there's no building inspector about.—Bill Nye.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG, who left Victoria yesterday for the Riviera, always gets the greatest pleasure out of her periodical holidays abroad. She is a great friend of the Empress Eugenie, and has often stayed with her at her villa at Cap Martin. Princess Henry and the Empress have much in common. Both of them have lost many of those dear to them; neither is quite in the same position of influence as she once held. Princess Henry, or Princess Beatrice, as she is more familiarly called, was at the Imperial Theatre the night before last, and she looked careworn and tired. She felt Queen Victoria's death, and the change of home which it necessitated, very deeply.

* * *

The Prince of Wales has paid a delicate compliment to the famous Hungarian traveller and teacher, Professor Arminius Vambery of Budapest, by consenting to act as sponsor to his little grandson. Professor Vambery has earned the gratitude of all Englishmen by defending us during the Boer war at a time when all Europe was reviling us. He had an unusually hard struggle for success. His parents were very poor, and his father died, leaving the mother with a mere pittance, before he was born. At twelve years of age he had to earn his own living as an apprentice to a

ladies' dressmaker. And yet this penniless boy was afterwards received by Kings and Queens in their palaces.

* * *

Little Florizel von Reuter, the boy violinist, who has just been received at Buckingham Palace by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, is a great favorite with royalties. "Carmen Sylva" the Queen of Roumania, is his greatest royal friend; she addresses him in the letters which she showers upon him by the most affectionately poetical names—such as "dearest flower-child," "my golden-haired angel." She signs herself "Mama Regina Elizabeth," and has always been to him the kindest of possible patrons. Florizel has accepted little from powerful people, however. Most of his musical education he has paid for himself. He ran up bills during his time of learning, and paid them during his time of success.

* * *

He is probably the only living being, this self-taught little composer, who has refused to take tea with Queen Alexandra. That he did about a year ago. He was suddenly summoned, early one afternoon, to play before the Queen at Buckingham Palace. A symphony of his, which he himself was to conduct, was in rehearsal that same afternoon at St. James's Hall. After he had finished playing the Queen asked him to stay to tea. Florizel was in despair. "It breaks my heart, your Majesty," he said, "to refuse, but the orchestra is waiting for me. Please forgive me and let me go this time. I cannot even wait while you write your name in my album of Kings and Queens." The Queen was much amused by this instance of duty preferred to pleasure.

* * *

Lady Derby's party last night was quite a success. The fine St. James's-square house was beautifully decorated, and the rooms were full without being uncomfortably crowded. Lady Derby is one of the most tactful, but also one of the most exclusive, of London hostesses. One does not see in her house the amazing mixture of oddities, celebrities, financiers, and bores that penetrate almost everywhere nowadays; but only people really known to Lord and Lady Derby, and personally approved by them. Most of this discreet entertainment of theirs goes on at their famous seat, Knowsley Hall, Lancashire, where they often receive the King.

* * *

Good stories are "in the air" at Knowsley, where so many famous men have stayed. Sir M. E. Grant Duff, in his reminiscences, tells some of them. It was there that he heard of a certain Lord Shaftesbury, whose hospitable instincts would not permit him to see his guests leave his table before they were all quite drunk. Once this convivial old gentleman sat in a window-seat and watched his guests departing. Everyone had to be helped into his carriage by a servant. At the end, when all had gone, the Earl summoned the butler to him and said: "Simmons, thank you; you have done your duty, and God will reward you for it hereafter!"

* * *

Lovers of the fantastic, the unexpected, the extravagant, are sorry about the illness of the Marquis of Anglesey. Has he not dazzled the dull world by behaving as a latter-day Monte Cristo, and displaying his unequalled wardrobe in its conventional face? I imagine that the Marquis would be a charming person to live with. His caprices, like those of Nero and Caligula, often took a generous form. He would at times appear at breakfast, so I am told by one who knew him in the gorgeous Anglesey days, robed in magnificent stufis, and carelessly throw a jewelled dagger or some priceless trinket to his guest, as other men might throw a flower—or the morning paper.

* * *

He made himself, I know, too many luxurious presents, but he made others presents too. When he married the beautiful daughter of Sir George Chetwynd and Florence, Lady Hastings, he loaded her with wonderful emeralds. Frequently he would place a bracelet or a ring in her lap as she sat reading. What will you? It pleased him to do things like that. Lady Anglesey looked beautiful with the emeralds in her red-gold hair, and for a time they seemed very happy together. His theatricals, though, were always trying, especially when he insisted upon appearing as Mrs. Tanqueray—or, rather, in a version of that play with the parts reversed, and Mrs. Tanqueray made into a man, instead of "lady," with a past!

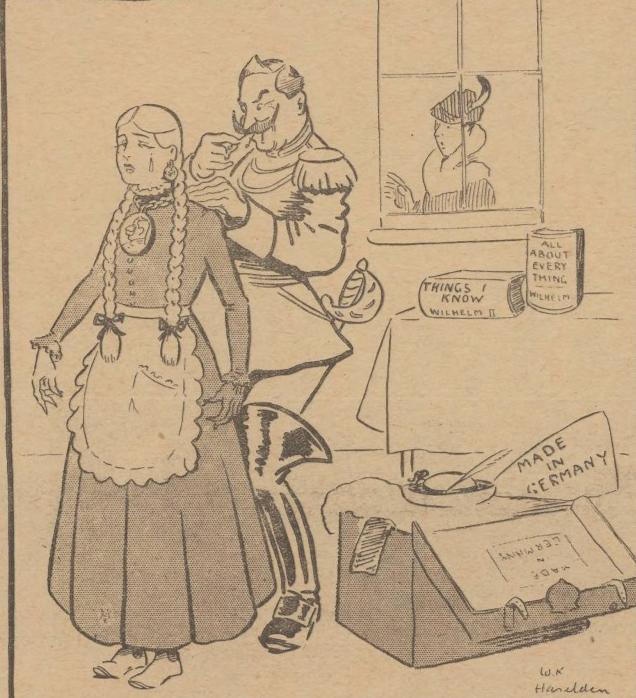
* * *

Lady Victoria Manners, whose charming drawings everybody is just now going to see at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, belongs to an artistic and interesting family. Her father, the aged Duke of Rutland, is one of the few noblemen who figure in Disraeli's novels. Lady Victoria Manners spends most of her time with him at Belvoir Castle, the Duke's famous seat, and there she paints in oils and water-colours, and makes sketches like those now being exhibited. The Duke of Rutland keeps several retainers who act as watchmen at Belvoir, and you are sometimes startled at night by hearing a voice shouting, "One o'clock, and a fine morning!" quite as in ancient feudal days.

IN MY GARDEN.

This feature will be found to-day on page 11.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN HIS LATEST ROLE.



One of the difficulties between the Kaiser and the Crown Prince, which caused the latter's wedding to be postponed, was the Emperor's insistence upon the bride's trousseau being entirely German. It is said that he will personally superintend the making of her wedding-dress.

THE MAN AND THE BOOK OF THE MOMENT.

Mr. Bart Kennedy.

HE had to write, or he would never have overcome the difficulties he has done. His start in life was not prosperous. He began his work in the world as a factory hand when he was still at school, but the spirit of the wanderer was with him, and he became a militiaman, and then a sailor, sea being his element. It was a tramp that he toured the States, working here and there wherever there was work to be had, sometimes earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, at other times starving.

For fifteen years he lived this restless life, a rolling stone gathering no moss, but much experience. During those years he was navvy, gold-miner, cook, and opera-singer, as well as sailor and tramp.

Then came his start as a writer. He knew no grammar, no syntax, no spelling, but he set to work to learn. But even when he had mastered those first steps he had to win recognition. For two years he knocked in vain at the doors of editorial offices. Now he has published a book which must rank high wherever men think seriously of the problems of life.

He has the look one would expect. He is a big man, strong of frame, large of head, clean-shaven, heavily jowled, firm-mouthed. His deep-set, blue eyes are shadowed by heavy, bushy, reddish brows, and hidden behind eyeglasses; for he is very shortsighted.

Even now his language is torrential and volcanic, and his hands are hand-clapped, as though ready to strike. But he is kindly-hearted, and to-day the blow could be struck in defence of the weak only. He looks what he is—a man who has experienced much, but learned to fear nothing.

His Book—"Slavery."

IT is the book of a man who knows. The book of a man who has felt, and still feels, what he tells of. Sincerity breathes on every page. It is only the story of a little Manchester mill-boy, the story of his squall up-bringing, of his numerous daily round from youth to manhood, but it is also a message to thinking men and women.

It shows the mind of the boy till it lies open before the reader, and reveals what the growing brain thinks of the world. It tells how the world has for the mind of the child

a charm that is at once vague and intense and wistful. Things pass and repass and appear and disappear before it. Things come from darkness and go back into the darkness. Life is an inscrutable, terrible pageant. The splendid, and the terrible, and the vile, and the horrible jostle and mingle and move along.

The workhouse, the pawnshop, the Army, the workshop, all come in for dissection under this merciless pen. In the tersest of phrases the book sums up many great truths. Here are some taken at random:

Religion has its faults, but at least it does better by the people than commerce.

Revolutions are the purifications of civilisation. Honesty is often built on the rock of cowardice.

It is simply written, it is strong. Let us be thankful for such a book. We have all of us much to learn. "Slavery" has much to teach us.

"Slavery." Treherne and Co. 6s.

THE END OF THE BATTLE



Upon the ground gained by General Oku now lie 8,000 Russian dead, while strewn over mile upon mile of the hills and valley

R. CATON WOODVILLE.



battlefield round Mukden remain unburied the bodies of 100,000 more, victims of the greatest battle in history.

OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

A FOOTLIGHT FAVOURITE.

How they cheered!
Moira Croysdale forgot she had ever left the stage. Her breath came in quick little gasps for a few seconds; this, after all, was life—the old life which brought a new excitement with every moment, set the nerves tingling with the consciousness of youth and beauty, and made the world burn with the joy of living.

It was something to be a queen of musical comedy and return with such a triumph as this! Her powers of conquest had not waned, and like a true woman, she felt gratified. Then her heart went out to the thousands who were cheering themselves hoarse, and the tears almost came to her eyes.

Would the public be fickle? She loved them every one. At the Folly they never forgot their old favourites.

Moira reflected as she bowed her acknowledgments that she was not old as years go—neither had she lost her good looks—but they would have cheered her just the same if she had been old, and—yes, ugly. She was sure of it.

After all, she had only been absent from the boards of the Folly a master of two or three years. She remembered her friends told her she would soon tire of married life and wish to return to the stage.

Well, they were partly right. She wasn't really tired of Dick—only just a little bit bored with too much humdrum happiness. It was a fit of the stage-fever that had seized her, and she longed to feel the thrill of popularity again.

THE GLAMOUR OF THE STAGE.

She wanted to compel the admiration of others as she had done in the old days; to provoke their laughter and their tears; to win smiles and applause. How could Dick understand what all this meant to a woman—an actress.

In their quiet country home in Yorkshire he had been content to live as a simple, sport-loving gentleman since their marriage. He forgot how much the fascination of the theatre entered into her life.

But now she was in the midst of it all again, and London was ready to worship at her shrine as it had done before.

"A perfect, a complete, triumph," said the manager afterwards. "Aren't you glad I persuaded you to return?"

"Not quite complete," thought Moira, but she did not say so. She was wishing Dick had been in front—that would have made her perfectly happy.

At the Savoy, where they made up a theatrical supper party later on, she recovered her spirits, but now and then her thoughts would revert to a stately old home in Yorkshire, and she wondered what Dick was doing. Had he been for his usual round the grounds that evening with Prince, his favourite comrade?

The days went by very quickly, and all London was drawn to the Folly Theatre by the news of Moira Croysdale's return. For a time Moira felt quite happy—except that there were no letters from Yorkshire. It was too bad of Dick; he might at least have written.

Now that the excitement of her reappearance had died away, Moira had to admit that she was beginning to feel rather fatigued. After the bright air of Yorkshire, London seemed stuffy. To be cooped up in a theatre every night except Sunday was very trying.

Not for a moment would she have admitted that she did not love the stage as much as ever, but it

began to dawn upon her that she loved Dick even more than she did the theatre. Else, why did she miss him so much?

She refused all invitations to supper. Several notes, the handwriting of which she recognised, she burnt unopened. A certain peer who occupied the same seat nightly at the theatre began to make himself noticeable.

Moira threw his bouquets into a corner of her dressing-room and burst into tears. She would not have done so a few years ago. Then she looked in the glass. Yes, she was beginning to look much older.

In Yorkshire, she reflected, she had never even rouged; there was nothing artificial about Dick, and there was nothing artificial about Yorkshire.

Next day Moira made up her mind suddenly, sent a note to the theatre, and took the north express from King's Cross.

HOME AGAIN.

The journey was a long one, and owing to a breakdown on the local line dusk had set in before Moira reached her destination. From the station to the Hall was not far, and Moira enjoyed the walk. She wanted to take Dick by surprise.

It was a stately old residence, and as Moira passed up the drive the trees which sheltered the house seemed to rustle in the night breeze as if carrying a message of welcome to her.

The front door was wide open and the cheery gleam of a fire in the library was reflected in the windows. A spirit of rest and comfort seemed to reign everywhere.

Moira stepped into the library as noiselessly as she could.

Dick was seated in a big armchair gazing moodily into the fire. Then he got up and Moira watched him take her photograph from the mantelpiece and pore over it in the gleam of the firelight.

Prince, the collie, roused himself on the hearthrug, and poised his head attentively.

"What is it, old man?" said Dick. "Has she come back? It's the fifth time you've done that to-day."

Moira crept softly into the room, but Prince's glad bark had betrayed her.

"Dick! Aren't you pleased to see me?" was all she could say, and the next minute she was sobbing like a wayward child on a young and stalwart pair of shoulders.

"Pleased," said Dick, with a little laugh as he kissed her fondly. "I should think we are! But we know you'll soon come home again, didn't we, Prince?"

And the collie looked as pleased as his master.

"Then you do forgive me, Dick?" asked Moira. "Forgive you, darling? I'm prouder of you than ever."

"Then why didn't you come and share my triumph on the opening night? Oh, Dick, if you could have only seen them!"

"Moira, dearest, I was there." Moira gave a glad little cry.

"But I was such a selfish beast," continued Dick, "that I didn't want you to know, for fear you'd get me to stop in town, and then you wouldn't leave the theatre."

"Can't you see, Moira," he said passionately, "that I want you for myself. I'm jealous of even the public's love for you. I want you always by my side. Say you won't go back."

"I don't think I want to now," said Moira nestling closely to him. "Love is best after all."

And London was left to wonder why the Folly Theatre lost its favourite again so suddenly.

Anxiety. "Will she never move, or speak, or seem to live again? God help me, Lady Betty, it is my fault! She does not want to live!"

"Hush, my dear," murmured her friend. "Of course she will get well. I want to speak seriously to the doctor to-day. I want to move her. I don't want her to come back to consciousness of her surroundings in this hotel. You must not be impatient. You have so much to be thankful for. It's really a miracle that she has lived, and she is going to live and get strong. Although you can't see it, she is really gaining just a little strength every day."

If Lady Betty had ever had any feelings of bitterness toward Vanna, they had all been swept away in the mutual anxiety of this terrible time. She had seen the girl's mother wear herself to a shadow with watching. For a fortnight Vanna could not be persuaded to leave the sick-room; it was not until the doctors asserted their authority that she was induced to take a little rest, and allow Lady Betty to replace her now and then in relieving the trained nurses of their arduous duties. And it was in these lonely night watches that Lady Betty learned to understand the look of unquenchable agony that deepened every day in Vanna's eyes, as she listened to the girl's delirious ravings, and knew how they must pierce and lacerate the mother's heart.

The doctors gave permission for their patient to be moved in a week's time, as long as she was moved not great distance, and Lady Betty found a villa near Beauville, with fairy-like gardens, and a marble terrace overlooking the sea, and rented it immediately for an indefinite period, and when the day came on which the doctors pronounced it possible, the girl was moved there.

From that day she began very, very slowly to improve and to gain strength; but it was two months from the first day of her illness before she was carried out into the garden, to lie in the sun-shine among the flowers, and listen to the sea

"Will she never get well?" Vanna asked of Lady Betty, her voice husky with exhaustion and

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

THE CHURCHES AND THE WAR.

War is nought but the cultivating hand of God. As a gardener prunes his roses, so the Great Invisible Gardener permits nations to prune themselves by the visible cultivation of the sword, to make room for a more perfect growth.

G. M. C.
Alsager, Hunts.

I notice that one of your correspondents, writing on the present war, seems to wonder why God, if He is all good, permits it to go on. Would you permit me through your columns to advise perplexed readers to read "The True Christian Religion" by Emanuel Swedenborg?

In this work will be found the most logical argument reconciling a perfectly good God with the existence of evil and suffering that I have ever heard-of.

J. C. J. M.

WHISTLER EXHIBITION CATALOGUE.

The catalogue of the New Gallery is very difficult to cope with. It has three sections, all beginning with Number 1.

I was surprised to find what I supposed to be a sketch of a baby described as "Cowes Pier." Then my wife took away the catalogue to look it up herself, and found it was "Lord Wolseley."

I think we should have been separated by this time if a friend had not pointed out that we ought to have looked yet again to find the proper description.

A PAINTER.

A WIFE'S VIEW OF SMOKING.

I read with disgust Mr. Frederic Harrison's denunciation of smoking. He obviously suffers from a complaint which a good smoker would cure, viz., a disagreeable temper. I have never yet seen a man in a bad temper whilst smoking.

As to a man being as drunken as he likes to be and doing no harm to others, that is nonsense, as thousands of homes have been ruined by drink. But I have never known one ruined by tobacco.

MARRIED TO A SMOKER.

Hillsborough, Sheffield.

TOO OLD AT SIXTY.

This morning I met a man whom I had known as an actor in Australia. He told me he had lost hope. He was much too old at sixty, and had determined to put an end to himself.

I persuaded him to alter his decision (he is a thoroughly able actor), gave him a few shillings, and told him I would exert myself on his behalf.

It occurs to me that if I could get a letter in a paper with so exceptional a circulation as that of the *Daily Mirror*, the attention of some theatrical manager might be drawn to this sad case.

H. G. SOMERVILLE.

63, Thornton-avenue, Chiswick, W., March 6.

WOMEN FARMERS' SITUATIONS.

In the monthly leaflet of the "Woman's Agricultural and Horticultural International Union" I find this society takes the credit of having found me my employment here as instructor.

Such is contrary to fact. Indeed, I had not heard of the existence of the union until a few days ago, when a pupil of mine sent me the leaflet.

I think you will agree with me that for any union (associated with woman's work or otherwise) to use such unfair means of obtaining fresh members is to be most vigorously condemned.

GRACE YOUNG,

Instructor, British Dairy Institute, Reading.



To H.M. THE KING.

BUCHANAN'S
"SPECIAL"

SCOTCH WHISKY



To H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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[Continued on page II.]

DICK AND HIS SISTER IN THEIR FATHER'S MOTOR-CAR—A NEW COMPETITION FOR CHILDREN.

AWARD OF MERIT.

A LITTLE GIRL OF EIGHT AGAIN COMES OUT FIRST.

Next Saturday we shall announce the result of the competition which has been in progress during the last six weeks, and shall give three prizes of £1, 10s., and 5s.

The sender of the best drawing this week is again

IDA BEER (age 8),

6, Freemantle-road,

Eastville, Bristol.

Among those specially commended are Joyce Burges, Edward Davidson, and Florence Hales. Several other little readers of the age of eight have sent good drawings, and one excellent attempt comes from Frank Lewis, whose age is only six.

After next Saturday we shall continue the story for a few more numbers, giving a prize of 5s. every week for the best drawing sent. We think this will give a better chance to all our little friends of winning prizes, and we want them all to go on until each one has won a prize.

On this page is another outline drawing, which must be filled in in the usual way, with ink or pencil, have the name and address of the competitor attached, and be sent to the Children's Corner, the *Daily Mirror*, 12, Whitefriars-street, London, E.C., by Wednesday morning next.

"MY DIARY," BY DICK.

Last week my diary got cut down by the printer, so I never got to the end of my story about how Pip and I were lost in the Crystal Palace. I will now continue the narrative.

We tried first one way, then another.

"Dick," said Pip, in a squeaky little voice, "I am tired." When I looked at her two tears tumbled over the edges of her eyes and trickled down. To tell the truth I was a bit tired, too.

"Would you like to sit in that seat over there while I go and look for the others?" I asked Pip.

"Oh, no, Dick, dear; don't leave me. Couldn't we both sit down for a little while?" So we sat on two chairs, and I held her hand in mine.

I began to feel quite queer. Crystal Palaces are horrid places to be lost in. But I pretended to be all right.

Nurse Scared.

"It is all my fault you are lost, Pip," I said generously. "What will your mother say?" Pip gave my hand a squeeze. "When you are rested," I then remarked, "I think we had better have another try to find the others." "Dick," said Pip suddenly, "do you know, I think that the entrance we came in at is just round that stall. I remember noticing those coral beads. Let's go and stand at the door, and then we shall see them as they go out."

We had hardly got to the door when Nurse and Mabel Jane and Bobby came hurrying along very quickly with scared faces.

"Lor', Master Dick, you bad boy. You did give us a turn. I thought you had both been eloped with. Where 'ave you been? There, we've missed one train and was going off by the next," and Miss Barnes was staying to look after you."

She did give me a scolding, but I didn't care a bit. I was so glad to see her. I felt then that I did not want more adventures for a long time, but very shortly afterwards, as I will now tell you,

I had a very dreadful one.

We've had our motor-car about two months, but

I've only been out three times. Mother says she

is nervous about our going in it, because Father has not long learnt to drive. But she goes herself all the same. I wish I could learn to drive. We had an engineer, who came down to teach Father, and he told me lots of things about the car.

The other day, because it was Father's birthday, he had promised to take Mabel Jane and me out for the day. We started out with great excitement. Vic leapt around and tried to bite the tyres, and we nearly ran over him. We drove down to Guildford and had dinner at an Hotel, with a waiter to wait on us, such a nice man, who called me "Sir" and bowed like anything. I was quite glad Father gave him sixpence. He deserved it.

Coming back in the car we had an adventure. Really a dangerous one. It was very fortunate we weren't all killed. I'll tell you about it. I'm sorry to say I didn't sit very still all the time, and Father said to me, "Look here, Dick, if you don't sit quiet I'll never take you out again. I want all my attention for the car, remember, and I can't think what I am doing if you are dancing about all the time." Well, I tried not to move much after that, but, of course, there were some things you had to turn round to look at, though we flew along so quickly there was hardly time to see anything.

All of a sudden the car gave a lurch, and then it lifted itself onto the path and wobbled along it. I thought Father must have got wrong about the steering, and that it was all my fault for having

fidgeted a tiny bit. I don't mind telling you I was really rather alarmed. I looked at Father and I never saw anyone's face like that before. It was quite white and his eyes were staring and like glass. Of course, Mabel Jane started screaming. I put one hand over her mouth and pinched her arm as hard as ever I could with the other.

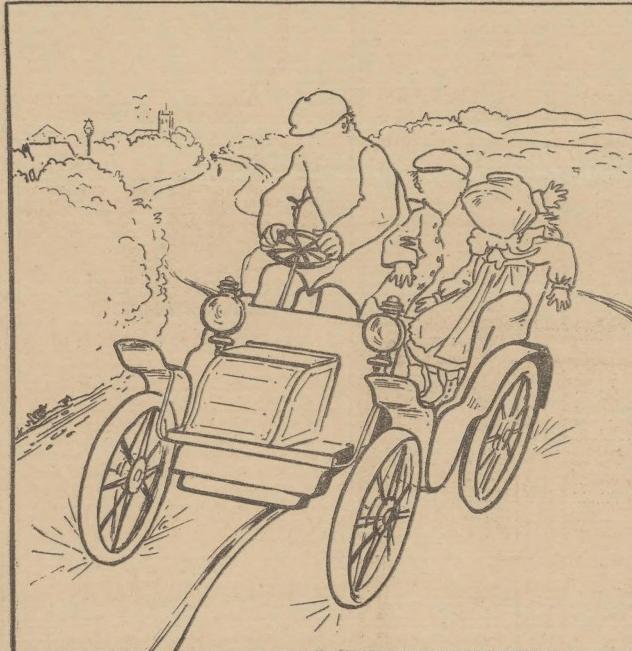
"Stop yelling at once," I said, "you'll worry Father." And she actually was quiet instantly. It is the only time I have known Mary Jane obey me. I saw Father was pulling the brake at his side with all his might. There was a woman with a perambulator on the path in front of us. Father dashed into the road and nearly upset the baby. And then the car pulled up.

It all happened ever so much more quickly than it takes to tell. I sat very still, expecting I should get into an awful row. But Father was busy with the brake and the steering-gear.

"Well," he said, "we had a narrow shave that time. I don't know what your mother would say. A pin dropped out and Smith had not put it in again, and the steering-gear came off in my hand, and then something went wrong with the brake."

So it wasn't my fault after all. I was so relieved I could have danced for joy, and didn't mind nearly having had an accident in the least.

(To be continued.)



Dick's father, who had only just learnt to drive his motor-car, suddenly lost control of the car, and Dick and Mabel Jane were very much alarmed. Here you see them rushing down the road. This picture is for our little competitors to fill in as usual. See particulars on this page.

quisite lines. Vanna knew instinctively that that must be Tony's. She lay right at the mouth of the Casino yonder, dedicated to pleasure, too, and the blue of the dancing sea and the glare of the sun made Vanna suddenly grow cold and giddy, and she shuddered and closed her eyes and groped with her hand for the rail of the yacht's side.

Tony noticed it.

"You think all this is incongruous," he said quietly.

"As incongruous as death," she said, recovering herself, and speaking with fierce emphasis. "What has all this got to do with us?"

"Nothing," he answered. "But we had to meet somewhere. It is better than an hotel. They drove me mad, with their dances and cotillions and such a kindly him. He was gaunt and wasted, as by fever, and he walked slowly and painfully.

In that first moment the woman's heart in her cried out:

"Tony, you are ill!"
"I have been rather seedy," he answered quietly. And he took her hand in his, and smiled the shadow of his old boyish smile.

"Lady Betty never told me that!"
"She did not know," she answered her. "It is nothing—a touch of fever. I had it long ago; it is apt to come back. Will you come out into the cabin, or do you prefer to stay on deck?"

"Just as you like," she said.

"Let us stay up here, then. Tell them to bring tea," he ordered, and led the way to a portion of the upper deck covered with a silken awning.

Somehow those words of his, conveying an ordinary hospitality, and the sight of the white pleat-

sure craft in the harbour, and the glimpse of the blue of the dancing sea and the glare of the sun, made Vanna suddenly grow cold and giddy, and she shuddered and closed her eyes and groped with her hand for the rail of the yacht's side.

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In that first moment the woman's heart in her cried out:

"Tony, you are ill!"
"I have been rather seedy," he answered quietly.

"I knew at once when I heard—about her illness. You told her the truth. You made her understand."

"I had to," said Vanna, and spoke almost as if she were conscious of guilt. "It was the only way. Lady Betty said so."

"It is a wicked thing," he said simply, "a very wicked thing that you have done!"

(To be continued.)

Mme. de Lacey.

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